

# The Torture Detachment

Rome

Is this some kind of confession?  
Am I obliged to let you speak?  
Are you still wondering whether  
Our actions are ever  
Completely pure?  
How could I be sure  
When all thieves lose their composure  
When starvation is forcing its way through  
the trees  
All the way down to the beach

Mourn for me  
As the sounds fall asleep  
Smother me  
With your mad charity  
With your poisonous mercy  
Smother me with charity

So we seek out the lonely roads  
To rush towards the useless  
And leave this riot of blossoms  
To the simple minds

If you decide to accept my offer  
To understand this sacrifice  
Think of me as inanimate matter  
To hide me from their lies

So let me yearn for you  
As you have yearned for me  
This storm has left us stranded  
But there's method to this madness  
Torture me with their ugliness  
And their ugly dreams  
Hidden from the eyes of men

What courage  
What foolishness  
What strength

"...Es gibt einen Weg in die Freiheit..."